



"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.

"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN,

✻

✻

NEW JERSEY

THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
THAT
HE
SEND
LABORERS
INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



Published and edited with ecclesiastical approbation bi-monthly by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, N. J.

Subscription One Dollar a Year

Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office at Metuchen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Several Good Ways to Help the Missionary Sisters

The perpetual adoption of a Missionary Sister	\$2,500.00
The annual adoption of a Missionary Sister	125.00
To support a dispensary for a year	40.00
The annual adoption of a child in one of the Sisters' orphanages	40.00
To ransom a woman or young girl for a Catholic marriage	20.00
Provide bread for a child, monthly	1.00
To build a hut for a patient in Central Africa	10.00
To support a leper in a hut for a month	2.00
To clothe a girl so that she may go to school for a year	5.00
To keep a votive lamp burning for a month	1.00
To become a member of Our Lady of Africa Mission Guild	

Spiritual Favors and Advantages

All those who help the missions in one way or another will share in the Masses, prayers, and good works offered up daily by the Missionaries and the natives for their Benefactors.

Three Masses are celebrated every month for the intentions of the Benefactors.

Headquarters of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa throughout the World.

ALGERIA—Mother House, Saint Charles, by Birmandreis.

ENGLAND—22 Ladbroke Square, London.

CANADA—32 Fraser St., Levis, Quebec.

229 Chapel St., Ottawa.

HOLLAND—Boxtel.

BELGIUM—19 Station Street, Herent.

FRANCE—101 rue Olivier-de-Serres, Paris.

8 Federation Blvd., Marseille.

GERMANY—Keilig Kreuz, Bernardstresse 11, Trier.

UNITED STATES—319 Middlesex Ave., Metuchen, N. J.

Magazines published in different languages may be obtained from Canada (French), Holland (Dutch), Belgium (Flemish).

Special Favors Granted to the Members of the Guilds

1. A plenary indulgence following the Ordinary Conditions:
 - (a) The day they join the Guild.
 - (b) On the following feasts: Immaculate Conception, St. Augustine, St. Monica, St. Peter and St. Francis Xavier.
2. Masses said for them after their death at no matter what Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if they had been celebrated at a privileged altar.

Persons who would like to avail themselves of these privileges, by becoming members of one of these Guilds may apply to either of the following Promoters, who will be pleased to furnish the necessary information:

Miss Helen Boland, 35 Madison Avenue, Jersey City.
Mrs. Roman Smith, Jr., South River, New Jersey.



Recommendation of His Excellency the Bishop Of Trenton, N. J.

Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ MOSES E. KILEY,
Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

Contents

CHRISTMAS AT THE ORPHANAGE	
By Mother St. Foi	Page 47
OUR CHRISTMAS WISH	Page 47
CHRISTMAS DAY IN KABYLIA	
By Rev. P. Nixon, W. F.	Page 48
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, Etc.	Page 49
THE GEKOUYOU	
By Sister of the Holy Ghost	Page 50
50th ANNIVERSARY OF UGANDA MARTYRS	Page 51

For Information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

Christmas at the Orphanage

DURING the cold and dark night, the bells ring loudly at the orphanage, announcing the birth of the Divine Child.

It is midnight; in the chapel, our little children have taken their places: little Kabyles, Arabs, Christians and catechumens are seated near the Crib where the Infant Jesus from His manger, seems to say:

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." Sweet voices have begun the beautiful Mass of the Angels, and soon at the altar rail our little Christians offer their pure and innocent hearts to their Heavenly Father.

After the Mass of thanksgiving, it is time for the traditional Christmas-eve revel,—then they retire dreaming of the Christmas tree which will be stripped of its treasures after High Mass.

Please do not picture a beautiful Christmas tree as we see in the stores, this one has been cut in the tall brushes and decorated with a few candles; but it is admired by our little orphans who have never seen anything so beautiful. Highly colored dresses, pretty aprons, little bonnets, warm stockings, socks are seen in the branches and on the very top is a pretty doll, dressed in pink, which attracts every one's attention.

The happy moment has arrived, all the children surround the pretty tree. Little Paula, the youngest of all, is gazing at everything when suddenly, the beautiful doll is placed in her arms. What happiness! Whilst this little one

presses her treasure to her heart, the distribution continues each child receives what she had desired, thanks to our dear benefactors.

In the evening of this happy day, eighty little voices said a prayer of thanksgiving for those who helped to make this day merry. For several days these little tots offered their daily sacrifices for the same intention.

One evening the Sister noticed near the crib a small pair of pants—one pantie was blue the other red and all trimmed with white.

Surprise, she looked at the children.

"What is that?"

In the midst of the silence, Kheira, eight years of age, came forward, very timidly.

"Sister you said that the Little Jesus' Mamma had no clothes to dress Him, I made a pair of pants."

How the heart of Jesus and of His Blessed Mother must have been pleased with this gift! Relating this fact, dear Benefactors, I want you to share in the consolations we have with our little African orphans.

A year ago we made an appeal to your charity for these little tots. Your generosity and answer make us come to you again; for these little ones have not lost their appetites and the finances are not increasing.

Dear Benefactors, if you want to help you shall become the adopted parents of these abandoned children and will partake in a special way in their daily prayers and sacrifices.

MOTHER ST. FOI

Our Christmas Wish

We wish all our Friends, Members of the Guilds and Catholic Women Leagues, Readers and Benefactors most heartily and sincerely the joys and blessings of Christmas. During Advent we will pray the Infant Jesus that at this Christmastide you may be showered with an abundance of blessings both spiritual and temporal. This is our only way to show our appreciation of and gratitude for the cooperation of our benefactors who have helped so generously and faithfully and often at the cost of great sacrifices to carry on our work for the poor of Christ.



Merry Christmas to You and Yours!

Christmas Day



CHRISTMAS in Africa. If the Missionary had much time for reverie, his thoughts would surely carry him homewards. Visions would arise of the yule log on the hearth, the family united around "the old folk," the friends and neighbours wending their way through crunching snow after Midnight Mass—yes, and for the Missionary in Central Africa that vision of snow in December would prove

perhaps the most attractive. No sentimental affection for the flickering white flakes and heavily covered roofs; but an intense longing to cool tepid water, that he has to drink, with some of that delicious cold substance, and to find relief from the broiling sun of African December.

Yet there are parts of Africa where the Missionary has plenty of snow, more than he desires . . . in Kabylia, the Scotland of Africa, the Fathers had to dig themselves through a barricade of snow; and this happens often in the winter. It is a Mission in which much patience is needed not only with the elements but with the population; for the Kabyles are Mohammedan fanatics and extremely difficult to convert. Thanks be to God, the White Fathers are enabled slowly but surely to teach them the true meaning and value of Christianity. Here and there, hidden away in the mountains, are little parishes of fervent Christians. The heaven is at work.

It was a real pleasure to spend the holy season of Christmas at one of these Kabyle missions. The extreme poverty of the place and people were a vivid reminder of the poverty of the first Christmas when Jesus found in a manger his first earthly resting-place.

We shivered in the frosty air as we watched the faithful Christians assembling for the early morning Mass. Many had come from afar, along tortuous paths half-hidden under snow. Some travelled on foot, others on mules, the women clad in modest finery with many coloured fichus, the men and boys wrapped closely in woolen burnous, barelegged hardy sons of the mountains where only the fittest survive. All flock to the mission and stand in admiration before the Crib, the work of the White Sisters, to whose mission post we are to repair after Mass.

These Christians love to linger round the Crib. It makes Jesus seem nearer to them. God knows the stable at Bethlehem was not much poorer than their gourbis of mud and straw. Even when Mass is over they are unwilling to tear themselves away.

But soon we are all shepherded to the convent. The Mother Superior (who by the way belongs to one of the most ancient of France's noble families) ushers us into the workroom arranged for the occasion as a theatre. It is the Father Superior's feast and these lovable mites, the White Sisters' pupils, have prepared a concert in his honour. It is amazing to see acted by children who yesterday were wild little savages a devout and charming Christ-

mas play. I cannot do it justice, since it was written in French, but I will try to give you the sense.

The actors are four little Kabyle girls whose graceful modesty is altogether touching and their French faultless.

The first to appear on the scene is a frail child garlanded with flowers and carrying a large bouquet. Advancing towards a Crib arranged on the stage she makes a delightful curtsy and stretches out her flowers towards the Infant Jesus, saying in clear tones:

"Dear little Jesus, Mary's tender Son.
I am the springtime and to you I come.
With gift of flowers let me strew your bed,
And wipe away the tears I see you shed
All that I ask is by your side to stay
And gently rock your cradle, night and day."

From one of the side wings a little voice speaks out as though it is a baby Jesus.

"No, keep your presents, pleasant little Spring.
Too rich, too gay, is your fond offering.
But from your bouquet, on this happy morn
My tender fingers
choose a cruel thorn.
One day, dear child,
you'll see it on my
brow.
GO, Spring, I cannot
take your fond gifts
now."

Again a curtsy, and with a pained look on her face the child runs off.

Another now takes her place and from the sheaf of corn she is carrying we surmise that she represents the summer. She leaves us no time for doubt, beginning at once in a rich little voice:

"Dear Infant Jesus,
Mary's tender Son,
I am the Summer and
to You I come,
On this blessed morn,
Sweet Child, I offer
You this golden corn;
Oh, come to me and rest here in my arms,
That I may contemplate Your Infant charms."

But the voice representing the Infant Jesus spoke again:

"No, no. I thank you, season bright and gay,
But you cannot grant the favour that you pray.



In a Kabyle

Day in Kabylia

Give me some straw, I'll place it neath my head,
And with these grains I'll make a heavenly Bread.
Within your arms I may not come and rest
But one day you will hold Me in your breast."

And Summer, bowing to the Babe in the Crib,
leaves the stage.

I glance at the audience. The faces of the Kabyle Christians are tense and eager. Although many of them know not a word of French they seem to understand the meaning of the scene.

But here comes Autumn, a radiant little person dressed in brown and carrying a basket of grapes.

"See, little Jesus, my dear God and King,
The lovely present that to You I bring.
Big juicy grapes, so ripe and oh! so sweet!
I leave them here beside your little feet.
But, little Baby, in your tenderness,
Just let me once your tender brow caress."

The reply came quickly:

"No, no, brown Autumn, that I cannot do;
Too poor, too lonely is this place for you.

Yet leave your gift, a
richer one I'll make
My precious Blood all
shed for mankind's
sake.

Then go, brown Autumn,
since you must
depart;

One day you will en-
fold Me to your
heart."

No sooner had Autumn gone than there appeared slowly a lovely child wrapped in a bu nous and covered with imitation snow. She was laboriously dragging a log of wood much larger than herself. In a hurried voice she addressed the baby Jesus:

"Dear little Jesus,
Mary's tender Son,
I am Winter and to
You I come.

My baby God, I pity you so cold,
But all I have is this log, poor and old.
And yet for this I dare not ask the bliss
Of leaving on your brow a tender kiss."

Then little Jesus answers:

"No, no fond Winter, do not go away,

Come, kiss Me, and forever near
Me stay.

This gift you bring I choose, I
keep near Me,
For one day I must die upon a
tree.

Stay near Me, child, for you
have chosen well,
With your gift I will free man-
kind from hell."

Happy little Winter takes the
baby Jesus in her arms as the cur-
tain falls.

A few songs in French and Kabyle, and after a little compliment to Father Superior, all is over. So simple and unambitious, the entertainment was nevertheless a revelation of the progress made by the children under the instruction of their devoted teachers. We could easily understand the evident pride of the Kabyle fathers and mothers. As for Father Superior, he was delighted, and perhaps his thoughts also flew homeward.

But Christmas is Christmas everywhere. Soon the children were dancing round a miniature Christmas tree, again the work of the Sisters. What wonderful mothers they are to the children of the missions! Surely the Infant Jesus must smile very lovingly upon the Fathers and Sisters who are making Him known in those far-off places; and perhaps He will inspire many hearts to aid the Missions where Christmas is spent in simplicity and poverty, in the true spirit of Bethlehem.

PETER NIXON, W. F.



Kabyle Village

Acknowledgments

Thanks to our friends who so generously contributed to our work!

To provide bread for the little orphans:

Miss Kaehle, Detroit.

Miss Hardiman, Philadelphia.

For the lepers:

A Friend . . .

For the ransom of pagan children:

Franceline, Teresa Marie, Alice Marie, Miriano Regina, by the John W. Hallahan Catholic High School, Phil.

Mary, by St. Mary's School, Westphalia, Mich.

Louis and John, by St. Louis School, Toledo, Ohio.

In thanksgiving to St. Ann, the ransom of Ann Josephine, by a member of Barat Association, Torresdale, Phil.

For the Missions: Miss Freeman, Jersey City, and many other friends.

Thanks to Guy de Fontgalland for favor obtained. Mrs. Viola Almeida, New Bedford, Mass.

OBITUARY

Please, remember in your prayers:

Sister Rose-Carmel of Morristown.

Mr. F. Keller, Metuchen.

The Gekouyou

(Concluded)

WHEN a snake gets into a hut, it is very well received. It is offered grease on the end of a stick, if it makes no attempt to swallow it, the stick is forced into its mouth. Every time the snake moves from one spot to another, some sheep's blood is poured on the place it has vacated.

THE MISSION

It was in August 1907 that the first White Sisters settled in the heart of the Gekouyou country, about four miles from the Mission of the Holy Trinity founded two years previously by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. The new mission was under the care of the older one.

Only the Sisters who lived through these days can do justice to the early story of the Mission of Ste Famille de Mangou, so far from any European center, without any means of communication with the civilized world and in a desolate country where no assistance could be expected from the inhabitants.

The natives who had never seen a white woman were timid and distrustful. They thought the white garments of the Sisters were an integral part of their physical being and it was only when they saw them hung out to dry in the sun, that they understood that they were articles of clothing.

The Sisters resolutely began to study the language and when they were sufficiently proficient in it, they opened the dispensary and began the Mission work with the care of the sick which is the best means to gain the confidence of the natives. They soon found their way to Sisters' door to ask for medicines and those who could not come were visited by the Sisters in their homes.

The Sisters joyfully extended their duties far beyond the limits of the Mission. How many little angels, the first-fruits of this heavenly harvest, were sent to plead before the Throne of Light for the salvation of their people still plunged in darkness!

There were few baptisms of adults and those, always "in periculo mortis." The Sisters had to cope with the antagonism of the natives who tried to prevent them, not only from teaching the catechism, but from visiting the sick. It was a difficult task. If a Missionary were seen going into the brush to assist a dying person he was followed, step by step, by all his relatives even to the fifth generation. "What could these white women want to do? Perhaps they had a drug from Europe to give back life to the dead."

This was a Mission of mercy in all its forms. Now and then some entertainment was devised for the natives, but all rejoicing must be accompanied with the giving of presents. Gifts must be exchanged for confidence.

At Christmas all the negroes were received at the Mission. They had never seen a Christmas tree, this one was decorated with gorgeous roses and candles and laden with gifts: dresses for the little girls, chechias and trousers for the boys, handkerchief and kerchief and even little mirrors for the women. The old men were given a knife or a snuff-

box, two things which they prize greatly. After the distribution of gifts, the guests were invited to sit down to a meal, which though not a feast, was highly appreciated. Then a visit was made to the chapel to see the Infant Jesus in the manger. The Mother Superior played some Christmas carols on an accordion (which must serve as an organ) and after a prayer to God, the guests returned to their homes convinced that these white women were not so bad after all.

When the great famine came, the Sisters had a large field for their zeal. These lusty mountaineers died like flies. Many of them, won over by the good example and kindness of the Sisters, died peacefully after receiving the Sacrament of Baptism.

A great number were saved by the distribution of generous supplies of food. The Mission of the Holy Family furnished enough maize for the seeding of their fields so that they might have a better harvest to look forward to.

The following year another plague afflicted the country and took its toll of life in every family. This was an epidemic of influenza which had such dire results especially because of the unsanitary habits of our natives. The Mission adopted all the orphans who were confided to its care. These sickly babies mostly afflicted with rickets rarely survived their mothers. And the Sisters, seeing them dying, must hurry to make little Christians of them before they slipped beyond their reach.

The whole story of the success and progress of the Mission would be a long one. Little by little the Kingdom of God is gaining ground. The progress seems slow to us whose privilege it is to sow the seed and who long to see the harvest.

However the results are encouraging. In this country the Missionary cannot hope to count his converts by hundreds or by thousands as the case is in Missions established in a thickly populated region or one better prepared by civilization to receive the Gospel. He will be happy if he finds two or three willing youths to instruct.

We have said elsewhere why it is that Missionaries and their Auxiliaries strive especially to convert the men among the natives and the male children. The girls will be an easy conquest if they marry Christians.

There is a village composed of young Christian couples on a plateau, a few minutes walk from the Mission of the Holy Family. It is swarming with children. And this generation is the object of the greatest efforts of the Missionaries to mould their young minds and imprint on their souls the everlasting seal of Christianity.

Opposite the village rises the church where the Christians faithfully come to pray. Generous subscriptions from Canada have contributed to its construction. Many answered the prayer voiced in the "Visite": "Of your charity, a brick for Mangou!"

From this new shrine will rise fervent and grateful prayers that blessings may be showered upon the benefactors of the Mission.

(Concluded on the following page)

50th Anniversary of Uganda Martyrs

AT THE beginning of the year 1878, the Holy See entrusted the newly formed Congregation of White Fathers with the work of evangelising the regions near the lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika a part of Central Africa that was as yet but little known.

The Missionaries who were sent to Nyanza arrived in Uganda in 1879 and received a warm welcome from the king Mutesa. As soon as they could make themselves understood in the native language they gathered around them an increasing circle of eager catechumens.

Mutesa grew suspicious of the movement and he showed his mistrust so plainly that towards the end of 1882 the missionaries were compelled to withdraw temporarily from his domains. Two years later his successor Mwanga lost no time in recalling them to the kingdom. As a young prince he had shown kindly feelings towards the missionaries but alas! his goodwill was of short duration.

In less than a year after their return the new king forbade his subjects to adopt the religion of Jesus Christ. All the neophytes who were summoned before his tribunal confessed their faith boldly and rather than forsake it they endured the most horrible tortures with heroic fortitude.

Writing to his flock in the diocese of Algiers, His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie said:

"No story of former persecutions contains more pathos or shows us more admirable constancy; when reading the letter from Mgr. Lavinhaç, which I enclose, you will see reproduced before your eyes the scene that was witnessed when our beloved Africa was Christian."

"For this I render Glory to God, Who alone uphold and inspire the confessors of to-day, as He did those of eighteen centuries ago. His spirit is unchanging, therefore it will not surprise you that these poor ignorant blacks should utter in their hour of trial words as sublime as any that fell from the lips of martyrs in Roman Carthage; nor that the neophytes of Uganda, like the martyrs in the days of Tertulian should go by night to seek in the reception of the Sacraments the graces that enable them to stand fast for their Faith; nor that the persecutors, unable to account for such heroism, should attribute it to witchcraft and magic."

"You will not be surprised to hear that the valour of the women rivalled that of the men, nor that the aged, the strong, and the children remained equally unmoved by threats of torture; nor that a Uganda chief endured to have his hands and feet cut off, and his flesh cruelly torn away in strips and thrown into the blazing furnace before his eyes, and yet through a long agony of three days uttered no sound of complaint, until at last he echoed the cry of our Blessed Saviour on the Cross: 'I thirst, Sittio!' nor that twenty young men, scarcely more than boys, who could have saved their lives even as they stood before the stake, if they had promised to cease 'praying,' (the word that is used in Uganda to denote our holy religion), replied: 'We shall pray as long as we live,' and when they were burnt alive over a slow fire, defied their executioners by reciting their prayers to the last in the midst of the flames."

Sixteen years ago twenty-two of these Negro martyrs were beatified.

We are now celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Blessed Martyrs of Uganda.



Christian Family in Central Africa.

MISSIONARY EXHIBITION

A Missionary Exhibition took place at the Public Auditorium, Worcester, Mass., from the 21st to the 25th of October.

Several communities were represented at this exhibition. Numerous visitors have become better acquainted with the work done or to be accomplished in the missionfield by the Missionaries.

During these days, every one had the privilege of visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament, solemnly exposed in one of the rooms of the building. A very impressive and remarkable event of the exhibition was a very imposing procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament before the closing of this exhibition.

Let us thank, in a particular way, Rev. G. Hurley, who patronized and organized with such success this manifestation of Faith for the glory of God.

We also wish to express our gratitude to the Most Reverend Thomas O'Leary, D. D. Bishop of Springfield who encouraged the promoters, presided the different ceremonies and showed so much interest and generosity to each one of the exhibitors.

The Gekouyou (Concluded)

There it stands, the long wished for church and only God knows what it has cost in hours of work, anxiety and suffering.

The interior is unfinished, only the altar is complete; it is a gift from Catholics in Canada.

Over the door we hope to place a statue of the Madonna. We look forward with longing to the day when some pious soul will be inspired by love for the Virgin Mary to donate a statue of her to the Mission of the Holy Family at Mangou. And then we shall feel that Mary, Queen of Africa will look down from this throne of love and guard this little flock with special care.

In conclusion let us not forget that the Missionary and his humble helpers sow the seed. "God holds the future in his hand." When the time is come the harvest will be plentiful. The sowers of to-day will have gone to their rest but the Church will live forever and other workers will take up the task. It will be theirs to reap the harvest to be garnered in the heavenly lofts of the Father of us all.

Courage! then, and confidence! They shall be led to the Light, these dark sons of Cham. Help us with your prayers and your sacrifices, dear readers, and God will surely answer with his Blessings.

The End.

... Because
They GAVE for Him

Somehow between your gracious hand
And our poor empty palm,
Your gift, however small will grow
... a thousand fold.

The little tidbits here and there
May cause an irksome sigh,
Yet on their way to God's poor poor
They pass His throne on high.

And like the rainbow's glorious arch
That shines across the sky,
Somehow they bless the giver
Somehow they bless that sigh.

And when we can go on living
And working hard for Him,
And praying for His loved ones
Just because they GAVE for Him.

A Friend of the Missions.



Make Me Smile at
Christmas

Please Fill the
Christmas Stocking
which is sent to You,

and

Our little Africans will Pray for You
and the Infant Babe will Bless You.



